

# THE MASTER MIND

Novelized by  
Marvin Dana, author  
of "Within the Law,"  
from the suc-  
cessful play by  
Daniel D. Carter



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(Continued.)

## CHAPTER XIV.

In the Alcove.

THE spirit of mistaken mar-  
riage which had driven Lucene  
to this confession for the sake  
of the man she loved now again  
nerved her to struggle in his cause.

"And now," she cried, "you'll let him  
go! Won't you? Yes, yes! You must!"  
There came an information which  
turned Lucene's face to the arch-  
way of the alcove, where a full figure  
stood contemplating the group. The  
woman uttered a faint cry that was  
rather a moan and shrunk away as if  
in mortal fear, for the tall form, with  
the face set so sternly, was that of  
Wainwright. His voice came with a  
dominant severity:

"What have we here?"  
Marshall answered:  
"I caught this man monkeying with  
the safe. Guess I'd better get him out  
of here." He scowled at the thief.  
"Come along, you!"

Oregan returned the scowl.  
"I won't go," he shouted. "I won't  
trying to crack no safe. I did ye I  
come here 'cause the lady."

Marshall fairly throttled the thief  
for a moment.  
"One more peep from you and I'll  
make you wish you'd never left jail."

"Who is this fellow?" Wainwright  
demanded.  
"He's a crackman, all right," the  
detective replied. "I caught him as he  
was going to work on the safe here.  
Beyond that, I don't know anything  
about him, though it's certain he's a  
professional."

Wainwright put his next question di-  
rectly to the criminal:

"Who are you?"  
But, for the time being, Oregan had  
become subdued under the buffeting he  
had just received. So now he did not  
venture to answer.

"Are you deaf?" the sleuth rasped.  
"Well, if you want to know so bad,"  
he replied sullenly, "why, I'll just tell  
you. My name's Oregan, and I'm  
from Chicago."

"You seem to have wandered a con-  
siderable way from home," Wain-  
wright commented dryly.  
"Ah," Oregan said, with an attempt  
at airiness, "a guy'll go further than  
that to please a lady. What?"

Marshall broke in:  
"Cut that out!" Then he faced his  
employer somewhat doubtfully. "You  
see, sir," he explained, "I caught him  
monkeying with the safe."

"Ah, I was expecting you,"  
Wainwright said, looking at the  
detective.

"Pardon me, sir, but may I ask a  
question?" he inquired.  
"Oh, certainly," Wainwright retorted.  
"Do you intend sending to prison the  
man whom Mr. Marshall just cap-  
tured?"

Before Wainwright could answer the  
question put by the Master Mind there  
came an interruption by Lucene. It  
was a despair that found tongue.

"Mr. Andrew, Mr. Andrew, what  
have you done to me?" she wailed.  
"Oh, what have you done?" Her voice  
broke in a storm of sobbing.

If a slight shiver touched the man  
under the clasp of the girl's hands it  
was imperceptible, arrested as it be-  
gan by the iron sway of his will. He  
spoke gravely.

"Mrs. Wainwright will excuse me, I  
know, if I say that I must speak with  
you alone," he said to Wainwright.

At this saying Lucene lifted her  
head and stared desperately into the  
granite face. The assured voice car-  
ried conviction to her.

"I am quite sure that she will trust  
my judgment in the matter." Osten-  
sibly the sentence was spoken to Wain-  
wright. In effect, it was directed to  
Lucene. She went slowly out of the  
room.

When she was gone the Master Mind,  
with a swiftness of movement utterly  
unlike his usual placidity of behavior,  
darted to the door and shut it. Then  
he faced his employer, standing fully  
erect, a smile of triumph bending his  
lips, at last. The humility of the  
trained servant was vanished. In its  
place was a dominant personality, bold-  
ly proclaimed.

Wainwright met the transformation  
fairly.  
"Well, Mr. Allen?" he remarked.  
His tone as he spoke the name that  
explained his knowledge of the other's  
identity was a challenge.

"That is quite correct," Andrew re-  
plied, with an enigmatic smile. "In-  
cidentally this is the first time in twenty  
years that I have been addressed by  
my own name."

"The full name is Richard Allen, I  
believe?"  
"Precisely."

"Allan, the Master Mind?"  
"I believe that name has been given  
to me by some," Andrew replied, with  
unconcealed egotism. "I might even  
say by many."

"It is rather an ostentatious title,"  
Wainwright commented indifferently.  
"At least, it is not of my choosing,"  
was the retort. "I merely adopted it  
after it had been given me by others."

"You had a brother," Wainwright  
suggested.  
A spasm of emotion contracted the  
features of the other.

"My brother," he said in a hushed  
voice, "was Henry Allen, whom you  
sent to the chair. You—you!" The  
fury of hate vibrated in the voice.

"No," Wainwright declared stern-  
ly, "not I, but the law."

Andrew shook his head.

"You!" he repeated, with the empha-  
sis of a supreme wrath.

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